11621.e.2
44

THE CRUEL COOPER OF RATCLIFF.

In THREE PARTS.

TEWKESBURY:

rinted and Sold by S. HARWARD; Sold alſo at his Shops in GLOCESTER and CHELTENHAM; where may be had all Sorts of New and Old Songs; Penny Hiſtories, &c. Wholeſale and Retale. Likewiſe the True Original Daffy's Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all other Medicines of eſtabliſhed reputation, that are advertiſed in the Weekly Papers.

THE CRUEL COOPER, &c.

PART I.

NEAR Ratcliff-Croſs liv'd a cooper there,
Who had a virtuous wife comely and fair,
He by this prudent woman had a ſon,
Beſide this youth they children ne'er had none.

Though wife and prudent, yet this cruel man,
Did oftimes beat her with a cruel hand;
As he did one day with grief of heart,
The youth with tears took his mother's part.

Cries he, Father, I'm afraid you will,
With kicks and cuffs my tender mother kill,
Hearing theſe words he then his ſon did beat,
And that night turn'd him into the ſtreet.

Saying, if thou comeſt here any more,
I'll break thy bones, and then lock'd the door,
In the wide ſtreet the lad lay all night,
And came in i'th' morning when it was light.

But when this man look'd and ſaw his ſon,
In a vaſt paſſion he to him did run;
And with an Adz knock'd him on the crown,
Which laid the youth along upon the ground.

Being thus ſerv'd, in tears he did lament,
Then up he got and out of doors he went,
Saying, If I ſhould any longer ſtay,
He in his wrath will take my life away.

And to prevent what dangers may enſue,
Father and mother he bids both adieu;
And having knowledge of his father's trade,
Went cooper's mate to Turkey, it is ſaid.

He liked the country ſo well we do find,
The ſhip came back and left the lad behind;
He placed himſelf with a native to dwell,
Whoſe family lov'd him very well.

Tho' young in years he was grown very tall,
And of a comely countenance withal;
The native damſels did him much admire,
And to enjoy him ſome had vaſt deſire.

His maſter kept him for his ſerving man,
And in ſhort time by death's deſtroying hand,
His maſter happened to tip away,
Who being dead the young man bore the ſway.

His miſtreſs lov'd him as ſhe did her life,
And in ſhort time was made his lawful wife;
She was prodigious rich we underſtand,
And he had many ſlaves at his command.

Now will I leave him for a little while,
With providence on him and her to ſmile,
And in the next part ſome enquiry make,
What ſort of life his cruel ſire doth take.

PART II.

NEAR Rateliff-Croſs he lived years 'tis known,
And to his wife he was a cruel one;
And in proceſs of time death did them part,
And 'tis ſuppoſed this man he broke her heart.

After her death he could not thrive at all,
Day after day he down at heels did fall:
And by degrees this man was brought ſo low,
For debt himſelf he was afraid to ſhow.

The bailiffs waited for him day and night,
He knowing of the ſame kept out of ſight,
And to prevent his going to a jail,
In a merchant-man he unto ſea did ſail.

Thus he for debt was forc'd to fly from home,
And on the raging ſeas where billows foam,
To their great grief this man and twenty more,
Were carried priſoners to the Turkiſh ſhore.

It happened ſo as we do underſtand,
They were made ſlaves unto his ſon's command,
Full half a year in ſlavery they had been,
In all which time his ſon he had not ſeen.

This Cooper he was aged ſixty two,
Who was the oldeſt of the whole ſhip's crew;
Being ſtiff with age, his taſk could not perform,
By which he ſuffer'd many a bitter ſtorm.

The taſk-maſter to him was ſharp indeed,
He often whipt him 'till he made him bleed,
Upon a time he laſh'd him ſo one day,
He could no longer ſtand but down he lay.

Being laid down, the taſk-maſter did go,
And gave the head-maſter this to know;
Crying, ſir, your ſlave an aged man,
Will not perform his taſk do all I can.

He tells me plainly that his work is done,
When hearing this the head maſter his ſon,
Went out among the ſlaves, where he found,
His aged father lying on the ground.

Not knowing him with great ſeverity,
He laſh'd his father very grievouſly;
Which made him cry, Oh! ſir, my fleſh is ſore,
Do hold thy hand, and ſtrike me no more.

The taſk is hard which you have put on me,
What I can do, to that I am moſt free;
To ſuffer thus I am not able to live,
Kill me out-right, and I will you forgive.

Hearing theſe words his ſon did him view,
And ſaid tell me what countryman are you?
His anſwer was, I came from Old England,
I was a cooper, ſir, from fair London.

My name is Robert Stark, 'tis known right well,
I was a man in great repute did dwell;
But as it prov'd fortune did frown on me,
Now 'tis my lot your ſuffering ſlave to be.

Have you no family? He anſwer'd, no,
I buried a wife ſeven years ago:
And I had a ſon, a hopeful child was he,
Three years before her death he went from me.

I have not heard from him now all this while,
I was both cruel to my wife and child:
And I do really think now from my heart,
'Tis for my cruelty I thus do ſmart.

Now hearing this his ſon with grief was fill'd,
And tears like water that was finely ſtill'd,
Run down his cheeks amain, tear after tear,
To think that he had laſh'd his father dear.

Then he aſide his taſk-maſter did call,
And ſaid do not abuſe this man at all:
He is my father, but don't let him know,
I am his ſon. Then he home did go.

PART III.

AND to his cloſet he in private went,
Where he with bitter cries did ſore lament:
At length by-chance his wife did him hear,
Who ſaid what makes you to grieve my dear?

His anſwer was to grieve great cauſe I have,
For my own father is become my ſlave:
Not knowing him I laſh'd him o'er and o'er,
To think of this grieveth me very ſore.

To think the cruſe of God ſhould light on me,
But what I did it was innocently:
O wife, what ſhall I do? my heart doth bleed,
Do let my father come to me with ſpeed.

They ſent for him, and when he came there,
They of his tender fleſh did take great care;
His bleeding wounds anointed were with oil,
And the poor man ſtood trembling all the while.

This being done, choice linen fine and ſoft,
And other coſtly things to him were brought,
And when he in theſe garments were array'd,
He then with tears lift up his eyes and ſaid:

Lord, what am I, more than another ſlave,
That I ſuch favour of my maſter have:
Bleſt be his name that thus my friend doth ſtand,
To pity me thus in a foreign land.

Hearing theſe words, his ſon could not detain
His tears from falling, and to drop amain;
He ſaid the man who for you thus hath done,
Behold he is your dear and only ſon.

I'm griev'd to think that I prov'd ſo ſevere,
To lay my hands upon my father dear;
But God I hope will pardon me becauſe
I did not know that you my father was.

Hearing theſe words, like one ſtruck in amaze,
He with a bluſh then on his ſon did gaze:
Saying, you are my ſon, alas! alas!
By this we ſee what God can bring to paſs.

My ſon, my ſon, I'm glad thy face to ſee,
But what aſtoniſhment is here for me?
That I who beat my child quite out of door,
Should thus be forc'd his favour to implore.

Father, the Lord he did theſe things foreſee,
That you ſhould come your child's ſlave to be;
And God was pleas'd theſe things to do by you,
To ſhew what he can bring proud mortals to.

The Lord has plac'd me here to live and reign,
To be a friend to eaſe thee of thy pain;
I'll ſuccour thee 'till death, and for thy ſake,
I of my native ſlaves great care will take.

He cheriſh'd him oft times, but on a day,
His wife was pleaſed then theſe words to ſay:
Huſband, becauſe he cruel was to you,
I ne'er ſhall love your father that is true.

I do not care that he ſhould here remain,
From whence he came let him return again;
And unto him we will ſome riches give,
Enough to cheriſh him whilſt he doth live.

For quietneſs ſake he made her this reply,
But turn'd him round, and wept moſt bitterly,
To think that he muſt with his father part,
Grief like a ſpear ſtruck him to the heart.

Then in ſhort time his father left the ſhore,
And in a merchant ſhip he did come o'er,
Again to England, and did bring to town,
As much in riches as five thouſand pounds.

He ow'd an hundred pounds which he paid,
When being out of debt theſe words he ſaid;
Firſt my dear God I will give thanks to thee,
Next for my child my prayers ſhall be.

For had it been my portion to have ſtay'd,
In ſlavery 'till death I had him ſerv'd;
And ne'er had met one in that diſtant place,
Thus to commiſerate my wretched caſe.

Now to conclude, young men let theſe lines,
Be well engraven on your hearts and minds;
That is to ſerve the Lord, and ſhun the devil.
And like this young man do good for evil.

10 JU 52

F I N I S.